

· SEPTEMBER 1921 ·

# Little Folks

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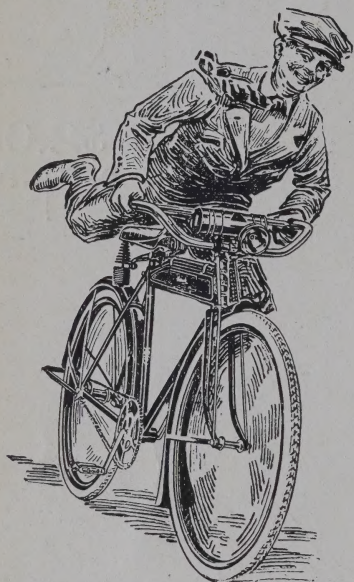
S.E. CASSINO CO.,  
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### We Are Giving Away \$70 Bicycles

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Please send me instructions for securing a \$70 bicycle free of cost.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

Parent's name \_\_\_\_\_

**LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.**





### Something Important

Do you make any doll-furniture, things from paper, etc., or play any games that other boys and girls would enjoy knowing how to make and play? If you do, the Editor would be glad to have you send her directions for our "Things Other Boys and Girls Have Made" page.

## SOMETHING TO COOK

### THE PLAYROOM COOKS MAKE CANDY

**T**HE Playroom Cooks' Sunday School class was going to give an entertainment, just as your class may have done sometime, to raise money for pictures for the new Sunday School room.

"If each of us made some candy at home and brought it to sell, we could get more money still," said Ruthie.

"We could do it up in pretty paper napkins and tie the little bags with colored cord and sell them for ten cents each," added Janie.

The rest of the class thought it a fine idea and voted to try the plan.

The Playroom Cooks ran most of the way home, so eager were they to get out the Playroom Cookbook and select the candy receipts they would use, for Little Folks readers had sent them a great many and some of them they had not had a chance to try.

Here are the receipts they chose, and when you try them yourself you will understand why the picture fund grew so fast and why there were no little bags of candy left when the entertainment was over.

#### MILDRED LANGDON'S DIVINITY FUDGE

22-3 c. white sugar

2-3 c. water

2-3 c. Karo Corn Syrup

Boil together in a granite kettle until a little dipped in cold water is brittle and will tinkle when tapped against the glass. While the syrup is cooking, beat stiff the whites of 2 eggs, and chop a cup of walnut or Brazil nuts. When the syrup is done, pour it over the egg

whites, add the nuts and flavor with vanilla if you like. Beat until creamy. Pour on buttered plates and cut in squares when nearly cold.

#### ISABEL BROWNLEE'S MINTS

1 or 2 squares of chocolate

green and pink vegetable color paste

confectioner's sugar (sifted)

white of 1 egg

2 tbsp. cold water

1-2 tsp. essence of peppermint.

Beat the egg on a plate, add the cold water and gradually work in sugar enough to make a firm paste. Divide the sugar paste into three parts. To one part add the peppermint and a very little of the green color paste. Take the paste from the jar with a wooden toothpick, and add but a little. Work and knead the mixture until the paste is evenly distributed throughout. Roll the candy into a sheet 1-4 inch thick, then cut into small rounds or other shapes with any convenient utensil.

Color the second part a very delicate pink, flavor with rose extract and cut out in the same manner as the first.

To the last part add 1 or 2 squares of chocolate melted over hot water, and flavor with peppermint. Add also a little water, as the chocolate will make the mixture thick and crumbly. Begin by adding a tbsp. of water, then more if necessary. Knead mixture and cut as before.

(Continued on page 542)



# SOMETHING FROM FAR AWAY



Sisseton, S. D.

Dear "Little Folks":—I enjoy reading you very much. I live in Sisseton and I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. There are many Indians here, and I thought probably you would be interested in hearing about them. The Indians are very nice if you are nice to them, but if you are mean to them they will try every way to revenge themselves. The Indians like bright colors and most generally wear plaids and red. They wear long shawls of plaid and black. The Indians have good smell and hearing but their eyes are not very good. Most all of them have some eye trouble. We live near the agency and when they have a fair we go there. The Indians dress up in their costumes with bells and feathers on them and then they have a Pow-wow dance. Some men in the center play a drum and sing while the rest dance. The Indians make lots of pretty things. Their moccasins have beads of pretty colors. They make baskets and bead bands and are very skilled in such work. The Indian men and boys always sit in the front seat and the ladies and girls sit on the floor in the back of the buggy. Some of the Indian words are: wash-day, hello; seche, bad; papoose, baby; shekela, blackbird; sakakawea, bird-woman. An Indian likes you to talk to him and say hello. I will answer any letters anybody writes to me, and I hope a lot of you will write.

Mary Stapleton.

Erie, Pa.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for about two years. Sometimes my mother says that she is not going to get Little Folks next year, but she only says that to tease me. I am nine years old and in the fifth grade. My little sister is seven years old and she is in the third grade. I take my "Little Folks" to school and let the children read it. We have a very fine harbor here and a very pretty peninsula. At the end of the bay is nearly land-locked. I like to read very much. My father is the physician at the Erie plant of the General

Electric Company. Not very long ago we had an auto show at the General Electric. We had the largest building in the United States to hold it, and they have larger buildings than that. I would like girls and boys to write to me, especially if they live in foreign countries. I will answer as many letters as I can. My address is 259 E. 5th. St.

Catherine Little.

Indianapolis, Okla.

Dear "Little Folks":—I live in Comanche County. My home joins the Forest Reserve and the Wichita Mountains. There is still wild game in the mountains. Sometimes when my papa rides in the mountains he sees wild deer and their young. I had a black pony but I fell off him, and could not ride any more. In the springtime we have beautiful wild-flowers here, and find many ferns on the mountain sides. We have some Comanche Indians for neighbors, and live a few miles from their mission. We attended their tribal dance last summer. The women wore beautiful buck-skin dresses trimmed with buck-skin fringe ten inches deep. I am eight years old and in the third grade. I wish some little girl would write to me. My address is R. R. 2.

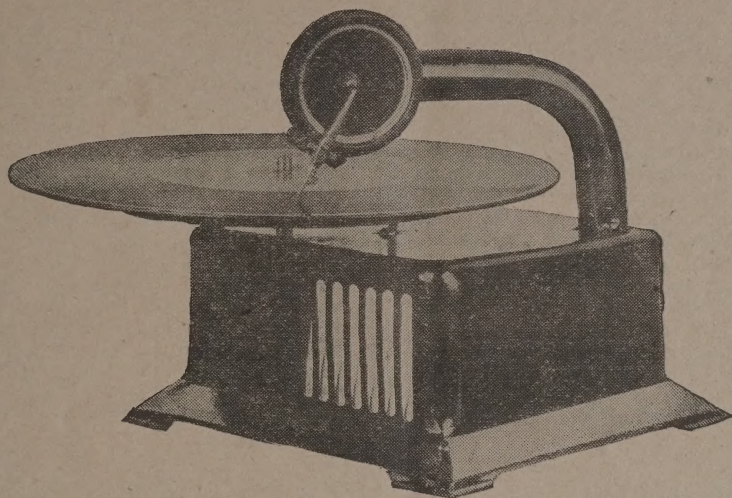
Caroline Brewer.

Wellington, Ohio.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have not been reading you very long, but I like you very much. I am eleven years old and in the fifth grade. My birthday is on Washington's birthday, and if any of your birthdays are the same as mine, I wish you would write to me. I have a little lamb that a man gave to me to raise. He is growing fast now. I have three brothers, but no sisters. There are not many girls around here to play with. I have two dolls. One is a little doll and the other is a big doll. I like all the stories in Little Folks, but those I like best are the animal stories and the stories about make-believe boys and girls. I hope to hear from some of you soon. My address is R. F. D. 1.

Marian Austin.





## Boys and Girls

### You Can Get this Phonograph For Your Own

Haven't you always wanted to have a phonograph of your very own—one that you could play at any time you wanted to, and that would not squeak and scratch and squawk with such a terrible noise that you can't stand it?

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The phonograph we offer is really remarkable because it plays not only the small 6-inch records, but big 10-inch Victor and Columbia records. Best of all, its reproducer is so good that it sounds almost if not quite as well and pleasing as does the large, expensive machine that Father and Mother own. If you want a machine to take with you on a picnic, or off on a camping or auto trip, this is just the one to have. It is easy to transport and takes up very little room. It plays band, instrumental and vocal pieces equally well. Its strong motor assures smooth, pleasing, rhythmic music.

### How to Get This Machine Without Cost

You can own this machine and have it ready to play for you in just a few days. All you need do is to tell your friends about Little Folks and offer to send in their subscriptions. When you have sent five, we will send the phonograph to you free of cost. Could anything be simpler or easier? Send to us for new subscription order blanks. They will make subscription-getting twice as easy. Start *now* to get your subscriptions, and before you know it, the machine will be yours.

**LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.**



## NEW GAMES TO PLAY

### CROSS BALL

This is a good game for recess-time or for after-school. Two players are the fewest this game takes, and as many more may do so as there are balls, providing the number is even. Players stand two or three yards apart. They start with two small balls, each tossing the balls at the same time so that the balls will pass in mid-air. It requires quickness of hand and sight to keep this up, but practice will make it easy, and by-and-by a third ball may be added. When more than two players are playing Cross Ball, a score of failures to catch may be kept, and the pair who have the fewest are called the winners. Chestnuts or any small round objects that are neither too heavy nor too hard are more easily handled than balls. If, when you are learning to play Cross Ball skillfully, you will count aloud as you throw, you will find the game much easier to master.

### SHADOW TAG

Here is a game which, while it is best played in the bright sunlight, may be played by moonlight, under a bright electric light, or around the campfire. The one who is *It* tries to step on the shadow of any one of the other players. The players may try to save their shadows from being tagged in this manner by *It* by seeking the shade for a moment, by bending, twisting or dodging. Whenever *It* succeeds in stepping on the shadow of another player, that player becomes *It* in turn and tries to tag some other player.

### A MAGNET GAME

**H**ERE is a good game that you can play with a magnet and a lot of hair pins. First of all, mark the table up into three divisions lengthwise. You can do this by stretching two pieces of tape from one end of the cloth to the other. To hold these fast, put in pins here and there. You will then have a space on either side of the table with a center part.

Next scatter the hairpins all down the middle part and arrange the players so that they sit on either side of the table. You might have three or four, or any equal number, on either side. The magnet game is played in this way. Each player has to get as many hairpins with the magnet as he can, shutting his eyes at the time of play. He must put the magnet out only once at each turn. The turns should be arranged alternately. That is, a player on one side of the table plays and then the player opposite him takes his turn. Any player may lean as far as he likes so long as he does not actually rise from his chair. When all the players have had a turn, the number of hair pins picked up by the magnet on each side of the table should be counted. The side having the largest number wins the game.

S. Leonard Bastin.

### TAKING PICTURES

Two players of the group must know this game. The other players sit in a row. One of the two who know how to play stands in front of them. The other player who knows the secret goes outside, or to a little distance, if the game is being played out-doors, while the one standing in front of the row of players takes a teaspoon and holds it up before the face of one of the children. Then she lays the spoon down and sits just as that child is sitting.

The other player who knows the game is then summoned and asked whose picture was taken. This player takes up the spoon, looks at it, and then looks at the players a while. When she sees the one in front sitting just like one of the other children she names the person whose picture was taken. This game can continue until all the players have discovered the trick.

### MY SHIP HAS COME FROM CHINA

The players sit in a circle and *It* stands in the center. *It* says, "My ship has come from China." Someone asks, "What is it loaded with?" *It* tells them the first letter of the word he has in mind—if he were thinking of Silks, he would say, "It is loaded with S." The rest of the players try to guess the word. Whoever guesses correctly becomes *It*.

### RICE DRAWINGS

**T**HIS is a very nice game to play in which any number of people may join. Secure as many sheets of white paper as there are players and put these one on the top of another. Now, take five grains of rice between the thumb and finger and, from the height of about a foot, drop these on to the topmost sheet of paper. Make a small pencil mark where each grain of rice fell. Pierce the pile of papers through with a pin just where the marks have been made. In this way every sheet of paper will have five holes on it to show where the rice grains fell. Hand round the papers, giving one to each player. Tell them that they have to draw the figure of a man, arranging it so that the head is at one pin hole, the two hands and feet being each at one of the other holes. After making the drawing everyone should write his or her name on the back of the sheet.

Now appoint a committee of three or five to judge the drawings. Something in the way of a prize might be given for that which is the best picture. Of course it is fairest not to let the judges know the name of the person who has drawn any particular picture.

In rice drawings it is possible to change the subject. Thus one might select a four-legged animal, or even a bird, taking the head at one of the holes, the wings at two of the others, and the feet at the remaining pin pricks.

S. Leonard Bastin.



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## SOMETHING TO WRITE TO OTHER READERS

*Owing to the great number of correspondence requests on hand, the Editor asks you not to send any more until a notice that you may appears in Little Folks.*

Zelma Benson, 1103 E. 6th St., Trenton, Mo., would like to hear from some girls her own age, which is thirteen.

Margaret Gessner, 436 Dewey St., Sandusky, Ohio, would like to hear from any boy or girl whose birthday is March 28th, and who was thirteen on that day in 1921.

Lucille Kilbourn, Macy, Neb., would like to hear from a little girl of twelve in China, Japan or the Philippines.

Rose Ellen Grantham, 3238 Collingwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio, would like to hear from someone in Oregon or Washington.

Imogene Ewing, Witten, S. D., would like to correspond with a little girl whose name commences with "I".

Frances Williams, Box 47, Van Orin, Ill., would like to hear from any little girl or boy in any part of her state, or from one living on a ranch. She will be very glad to answer all letters.

Helen Hubley, 2125 Erie Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., would like to hear from her twin, if she has one. She is thirteen years old, and her birthday is Sept. 9th.

Carolyn Ballenger, Main St., Box 6, Wellford, S. C., wants a little girl of eleven, living in New York, to write to her. In fact, she wants a whole lot of boys and girls to write to her.

Nancy B. Wallace, Pine Bluff, N. C., would like to hear from an eleven-year-old girl anywhere.

James O. Carson, Jr., care of Mrs. M. O. Kelley, Tryon, N. C., would like to hear from a boy or girl anywhere.

Lois Leath, R. F. D. 1, Box 152, Tyler, Texas, would like to hear from twelve-year-old girls in any of the states.

Gene Scott, Geneva, Ill., would like to hear from any little girl her own age—nine.

Oneta Reagan, 108 E. Ninth St., Dallas, Texas, eleven years old, would like to hear from some little girl about her age who lives in N. Y. City.

Rachel Ruud, care of Gem Theatre, Granite Falls, Minn., would like to correspond with twelve year old readers. Her birthday is March 2.

Eva Monfils, 71 Kinoza St., Haverhill, Mass., would like to hear from a twelve-year-old girl anywhere, but especially from China or the Hawaiian Islands.

Judith McCormick, Albany, Ind., would like very much to have someone write to her. She is nine years old.

Helen Best, Box 21, Jackman, Maine, would like to hear from a little girl about eleven years old, living in Mexico.

Nancy Wright, 4359 Cleveland Ave., San Diego, Calif., would like to have a letter from Kansas.

Gladys Reed, Box 125, Buffalo, Okla., would like to hear from a little girl of ten or eleven living in Florida or Calif.

Alice Van Buren, Raymond, Minn., would like some children anywhere to write to her about their schools and their homes.

Laura F. Wilson, 312 Locust St., Cambridge, Maryland, would like boys and girls anywhere to write to her.

Leah M. Kelley, Strawn, Kansas, would like very much to hear from boys and girls anywhere. Leah cannot go to school. She will answer all the letters she can.

Florence Henkelmann, 634A Stuart St., Lincoln, Neb., would like to hear from any girl about her age, which is fourteen.

Regina Herron, 519 E. Wabash Ave., Crawfordsville, Ind., would like to hear from some girl her age, living outside her own state. Regina is thirteen.

John Kew, 80 Roxbury St., Keene, N. H., would like to hear from someone in any part of the world.

Gladys Rasmussen, Box 138, Albert Lea, Minn., eleven years old, would like to hear from some children between the ages of six and twelve.

Gudron Rasmussen, sister of Gladys, aged seven, living at the address above, would like little girls her age to write to her.

Judith McCormick, Albany, Ind., would very much like someone to write to her. She is nine years old. She will tell you about Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., and Atlantic City, N. J.

Mary V. McKay, Bronxville, N. Y., would like to hear from any reader who lives on a western ranch, or anyone whose birthday is August 13. She would also like their pictures.

Virginia B. Taylor, Bronxville, N. Y. would like to hear from any reader, especially one having their birthday in Nov. She would like her correspondent's picture.

Rita Horton, 148 Calhoun St., Anderson, S. C., would like to correspond with some little girl.

Jane Davidson, 306 Broadway, E. Liverpool, Ohio, fourteen years old, would like to hear from some one in Japan, Mexico, Hawaii, or the Philippine Islands. She would be delighted to hear from anyone who would care to correspond with her.

Eunice Brunner, Zumbrota, Minn., would like to hear from any little girl in the U. S. or any foreign country.

Clara Mahood, Lynchburg, Va., would like very much to hear from some one in Florida or Texas.

Billy Thorpe, 311 South 4th St., Oregon, Illinois, would like to hear from a ten-year-old boy in Mo.



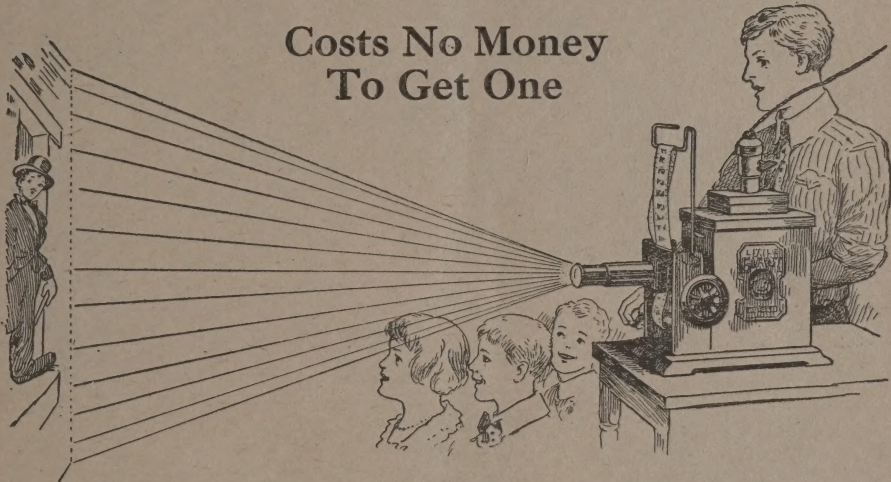


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FANNETTE AND PEEVLIN

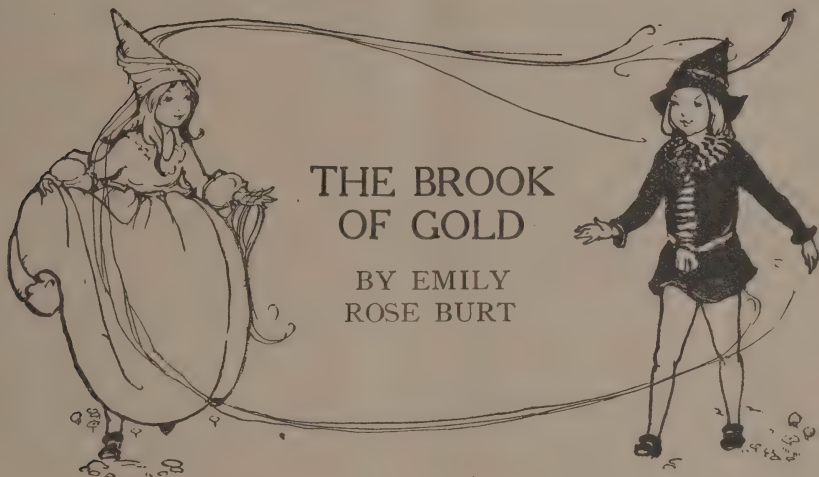


# LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXV

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 11



FANNETTE and Peevlin were two little people who lived in a rose and gold fairy book. For a long time now, since the children who read the fairy book had grown up and gone away, the rose and gold fairy book had lain gray and dusty in a cupboard with junk.

One day there was a bonfire of glorious red and orange flames. All the junk, and the rose and gold fairy book with it, was tossed on to burn.

"I don't like this, forsooth," said Fannette.

"'Tis too hot for me," declared Peevlin. "Let's escape."

A sly blue flame reached out after them but they managed to pull free and climbed over the fence and out upon the road.

"This is merry indeed!" exclaimed Peevlin. "We shall have fun in plenty."



"I've been shut up in that fairy book so long that I feel well-nigh old-fashioned," said Fannette, smoothing her frock.

"Things are different here, to be sure," agreed Peevlin.

Just at that moment a huge automobile tore by with a great blast of its horn.

Fannette and Peevlin thought it was a dragon, and shivered with fear.

Presently another automobile dashed by and up the hill with a shifting of the gear and panting of the motor.

"Did you hear him grinding his teeth?" whispered frightened little Fannette.

"And snorting!" added Peevlin.

Fannette and Peevlin decided they were in the path of a herd of dragons.

"Oh, let's fly from here," begged Fannette. "This is dreadful indeed. Would that I were back in our old fairy book!"

"But it's burned," said Peevlin. "First we must get to some friendly place."

So they crept softly away through the wild blackberry bushes by the roadside, and in time they came out in a green meadow full of clover and buttercups.

"If we could only find a fairy," wished Fannette. "She might tell us what to do."



AT THAT MOMENT ALONG CAME THE WITCHING WIND





"I'M TIRED," SAID FANNETTE, "LET US REST"

"But fairies live only in books," Peevlin reminded her, "and we're not in a book any more."

At that moment along came Witchy Wind.

"You've forgotten me, haven't you?" she murmured. "You know that I wander everywhere both in and out of fairy books."

"Oh, dear Witchy Wind," begged Fannette and Peevlin. "Pray tell us how we can get back into a fairy book? Our own is burned up."

Witchy Wind waited for breath. "Yes," she answered. "I know. You must drink from the brook of gold which flows at the foot of the black birch tree. But I warn you—if you take even the tiniest sip you will each turn into a little thought. And you will be invisible and float in the air till some author thinks of you and puts you into a story. Consider well before you drink."

"Oh, thank you, kind Witchy Wind," cried Fannette and Peevlin. "And how shall we find the brook of gold which flows at the foot of the black birch tree?"

"But Witchy Wind had gone and there was no reply, though Fannette and Peevlin both believed they heard the words "Seek, Seek!" in the sighing of the leaves.

"First we must find a black birch," said Fannette. "Do you know what a black birch is like, Peevlin?"

"Yes," replied Peevlin. "The leaves are jagged and the fresh bark is sweet and spicy to nibble."

So they wandered through the meadow studying all the trees.

"Here are only willows and maples and elms," said Peevlin.

"And a brook of blue," added Fannette.



So they left the sunny meadow and entered a shady orchard.

"Surely where there are so many trees," said Fannette, "we shall find a black birch."

But there were only sweet apple trees and sour apple trees and crab apple trees and pear trees, and cherry trees.

And the brook ran green in the shade between long green grasses.



FANNETTE COULD NOT BELIEVE  
HER EYES

"Let us try the mountainside," said Peevlin bravely. Do you not remember in the fairy book how the mountain slopes were filled with trees?"

So up the steep trails they trudged, but they found only pine trees and hemlocks and spruces. And the brooks that ran by were all brown and silver.

"I'm tired," said Fannette. Let us rest ourselves here a while."

So they sat down and thought them where they would seek next.

"And why have we not explored the forest," asked Peevlin presently. "There we shall find many millions of trees.

Greatly heartened they hurried down the hillside and walked until they came to a thick wood.

"I'm afraid," wept little Fannette.

"Never fear," said Peevlin. "We shall soon see the black birch tree. Oh, behold, here it is now."

Joyfully they ran toward the tree.

"It must be," said Fannette.

"But let us also look for the brook that flows beneath it," said Peevlin.

But look as they would, there was no brook to be seen—nor even a bit of damp moss to show that a brook ran near.



"Alas!" cried Fannette in despair. "There is no brook!"

"But there will be many other black birch trees," said Peevlin.

So they sought on and on through the dim forest and it proved to be full of black birch trees but none of them had brooks flowing at the foot of them.

At length, as they were both ready to give up their quest, they came to a black birch tree far larger than any they had seen before. And from beneath its roots there flowed down a streamlet.

"Ah, good fortune at last!" exclaimed Fannette.

But Peevlin was silent for he saw that it was not a brook of gold but of inky black. Sadly he dipped up some of the water in his fingers and as he did so a shaft of bright sunlight pierced the leaves of the black birch tree and fell on Peevlin's two hands.

With a shout of joy Peevlin held them out for Fannette to see and behold, they were filled with glittering golden drops!

Fannette could not at first believe her eyes, but made Peevlin lift the golden bubbles again and again from the brook to sparkle in the sunshine.

When she saw there was no doubt about it and that they had found the brook of gold, she and Peevlin danced for happiness.

"And now we must drink from the golden brook as Witchy Wind told us," Peevlin reminded Fannette.

At that moment, as if she had heard all the time, Witchy Wind ruffled their flying locks and whispered, "Remember, little friends, if you sip from the golden brook you will become thoughts and float about till a writer thinks you to life again in a story."

But Fannette nodded happily to Peevlin and Peevlin nodded happily at Fannette. Then together they bent over the magic brook and where the sunshine touched it to gold they drank of it long and merrily.

So Fannette and Peevlin became little thoughts, such pleasant little thoughts, indeed, that it is to be hoped an author will soon think of them and put them into a fairy story.





## BREAKFAST

### PRINCE BILLY

BY ANNE BROMLEY



ONCE upon a time there was a King and a Queen and they had a little boy who was a Prince, of course. They had other little boys and girls besides and they were Princes and Princesses, too; but this particular little Prince that I am going to tell you about was just remarkably good—why,

when he was a baby his Royal Mama never left him alone a minute without tying him to the door-knob by his little apron strings, for fear he would float straight off to the sky!

He really was just painfully good; but as he grew older he began to feel that they would all be more comfortable if he were not quite so perfect. So he thought he would try to do one naughty thing every day. He found it very hard at first, so hard that finally he went every morning to his Royal Mama's room and asked her to forbid him to do something—so that he might disobey her, you know. Then, after he had disobeyed her, and she had boxed his ears very gently, he would trot back to his play for the rest of the day.





Now it happened that the King, his Royal Papa, was not at all a rich man. Perhaps, being a King, he couldn't be expected to be much of a business man; but however that may be, it was a fact that matters just went from bad to worse and they became poorer and poorer every week. And then it happened that the Queen, his Royal Mama, fell sick, and as they couldn't afford a doctor she, too, just went from bad to worse, and grew weaker and weaker every day until at last she didn't get up at all but just stayed in bed.

So, of course, good little Prince Billy had to turn to, being the eldest, and take care of the little Princes and Princesses.

Then the Hired Girl, who had been with the family since long before Prince Billy was born, had to leave because her cousin took rheumatics in her back. So Prince Billy had to do the cooking and the washing and the sweeping and the house-work in general, besides taking care of all the little Princesses and Princes.



But the worst of all happened when his Royal Mama really got so weak that she couldn't box his ears any more. The time came when Prince Billy hadn't been punished for three whole days and he had to wear three pairs of shoes (and stones in them, too,) to keep himself on the ground at all. And what do you suppose would have happened to all those little Princes and Princesses if he had floated off to the sky?

But at last he had a bright idea. He went to his little cracked mirror and looked hard at himself and said sternly, "Prince Billy, I particularly forbid you to make faces!" After that he made the awfulest faces he could think of, and then boxed his own ears very severely three times to make up for the times he had missed. After that he took off the shoes with the stones



in them and put on his little dancing pumps and went back to his work with an easy heart.

So now you know what kind of prince Prince Billy was. He got up every morning long before the sun rose and washed



HAD TO  
LEAVE

and dressed all the little Princes and Princesses. Then he got his Royal Papa's hot water to shave with, and then made the toast and coffee and cooked the chop for his breakfast and folded the morning paper beside his plate. Then he got the breakfast for all the little Princes and Princesses; and when they were all settled with their bibs tied on and each one had his own spoon and his own bowl, Prince Billy went out into the garden to pick a rosebud for his Royal Papa's button-hole. Then he went to the front gate with him and the last thing he always said was, "Cheer up, dear; perhaps things will be all right pretty soon!" When he had watched him go as far as the corner and waved his hand after him, Prince Billy would hurry back to the kitchen and make the toast and tea and cook the chop for his Royal Mama's breakfast and say to her,

"Cheer up, dear; everything is going beautifully and the blue hen has laid two eggs already this morning!"

Then he would go and take off all the little Princes' and Princesses' bibs and wash their hands and faces again, and put their little crowns on straight, and find their hats and their books and their jumping ropes and their tops and their marbles and give them an apple and a kiss apiece and say, "Cheer up, dears; we are going to have cabbage for dinner!"



Then, when he had taken them to the front gate and seen them start off in a long line down the road to school, and waved his hand to each of them, he didn't even stop to say, "Thank goodness!" as *I* should have done, but flew at the dishes and had them all washed up before you could count ten.

Then he had to feed the dog and the cat and the donkey and the pigeons and the white rabbit with pink eyes and the blue hen and the goat. And then he would milk the goat and gather the eggs.

Next he would have to get his Royal Mama's codliver oil and coax her to take it, and get her the new library book and see that she was all comfortable.

Then he would fly at the stockings he was darning for the little Princes or the pinafores he was mending for the little Princesses.

Well, one day, after he had done all these things and some that I am afraid I've forgot to mention, he took the wash-tubs out under the water-melon tree so that his Royal Mama shouldn't smell the soapy water. He washed the clothes "in a jiffy," and had them rinsed and put through the wringer and hung on the line "in three shakes of a lamb's tail."

And then he gave a great big sigh and folded his tired hands and sat down under the tree. He shut his eyes, too, for just a minute, to think better what had to be done next.

And when he opened them, there was the very horriddest old woman leaning on a musty old green umbrella!







WASHED AND  
DRESSED THEM

Prince Billy jumped right up and asked the horriddest old woman to have a seat, and inquired if there was anything he could do for her.

"Yes," she said, "I want a drink of water."

So off went Prince Billy to get the only glass tumbler and fill it with cold water from the well.

"Now," said she, "I want something to eat."

So off went Prince Billy to get the cold bacon and rye-bread sandwich that he had been saving for his ten o'clock lunch. The old woman finished it at one bite.

"Now," said she, "I want a place to sleep."

So off went Prince Billy and showed the old woman his own little bed, in his own royal chamber. And she never said, "I thank you," but was sound asleep before he had pulled down the curtain so that it would be dark and cool.

And when the little Princes and Princesses came home for dinner he made them keep very quiet and sent them back early for fear they would disturb the poor old woman.

By-and-by, late in the afternoon, when Prince Billy had the



THE  
DARNING.



ironing almost finished, the old woman hobbled into the kitchen and said she was hungry again. Prince Billy gave her the plate of cold cabbage he was saving for his four o'clock lunch, and she finished it at one bite. Then she called for milk and drank it all up in one swallow, and picking up her musty, dusty old green umbrella, she hobbled off without a word of thanks. And that was the last Prince Billy ever saw of her—and he didn't say "Good riddance!" as I should have, either.

But when he went to bed that night what do you suppose he found under his pillow? The loveliest little mother-of-pearl



box with letters of gold on the top that read, "For a Good Boy."

"Dear me," said he, "that must mean me!"

So he opened the box. Inside lay a slip of paper with the words, "Three Wishes."

"Dear me," said he, "what shall I wish first? I guess that I'll wish that my dear Royal Mama would get well."

Then he began to wonder what he should wish for next.

He thought of his Royal Papa and wished quickly that he need not be poor any longer.

And then he began to wonder what he should wish for next.

"Dear me," said he, "if I were not such a good little Prince I could wish for a pony for myself; but I must be unselfish and wish for something for my little brothers and sisters. Oh dear, I wish I were not such a good boy!"





• • THE BOX • •

And then he stopped short in horror, for he had wished his last wish!

The wishes all came true.

Next morning the Queen herself got up and washed and dressed all the little Princes and Princesses and made the toast and coffee and cooked the chop and picked the rosebud for the King's buttonhole; and she made the little Princes' and Princesses' breakfast, too, and sent them off to school; and she washed the dishes and fed the donkey and the cat and the dog and the pigeons and the white rabbit with pink eyes and the blue

hen and milked the goat and gathered the eggs.

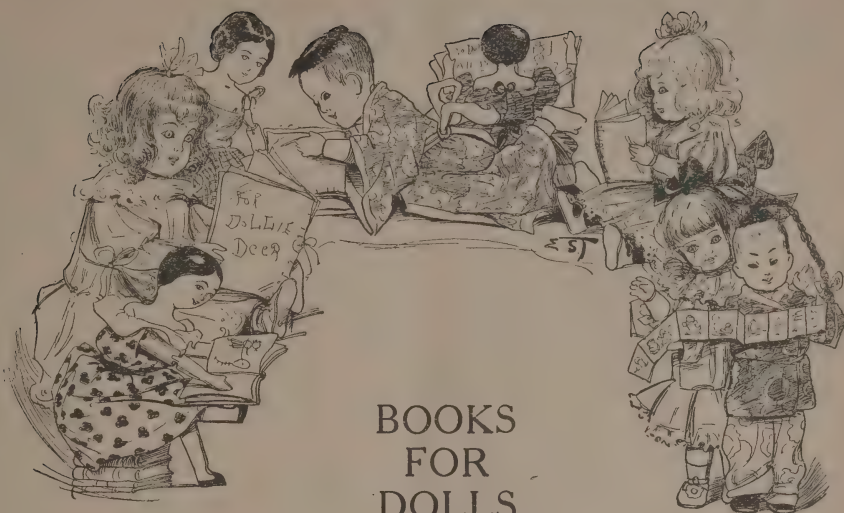
And his Royal Papa became rich, and sent home a great golden-pink salmon and green peas for dinner, with word that ice-cream would come later, with roses and ferns for the table.

But as for Prince Billy, *he* didn't get up till ten o'clock and then he grumbled because his breakfast was cold. And he was just an ordinary little prince after that, and did the good things that ordinary little boys do, and also the naughty things, and had to be interviewed in the woodshed by his Royal Papa.

But when Prince Billy grew up, he was quite a good man, and he often told his own little boys and girls, who were Princes and Princesses, too, of course, about the time when he kept house and took care of all his little brothers and sisters and had to box his own ears severely lest he should float right off up to the sky because he was so very good.

And his little Princes and Princesses all opened their eyes very wide and looked at him wonderingly, and said, "Oh my!"

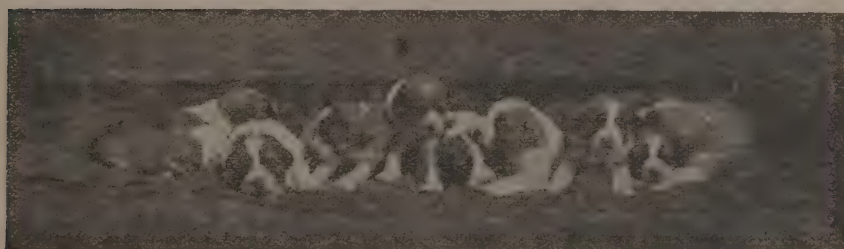




## BOOKS FOR DOLLS

**T**HE Children published books for Dolls;  
 They wrote them on the window-seat—  
 Sweet little tales and rhymes and things  
 That any Doll would think a treat.  
 All sorts of things are liked by Dolls,  
 And there's no reason, none at all,  
 Why they should not have books to put  
 Upon their shelves, though they be small.  
 If you think Dolls don't care for books,  
 Or if you think that Dolls can't read—  
 They *can* read, *just* as well as they  
 Do many other things, indeed!

*M. J. H.*



NAP-TIME


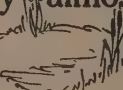
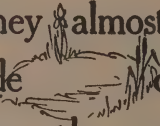

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# The Wonderful Journey of PETER and LITTLE DOG TRIP


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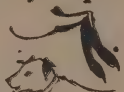






**H**OP, skip! Peter and little  Trip were running through the woods when splash, they almost stepped into a big wide  of water!  grew by the pool and , but there was no


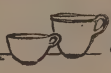

and no  and not even a  to walk over on! "So this is the end of our journey!" cried .

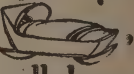

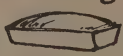
"We never can get across the !" "Trust me," said .


So away they went till they heard somebody crying and smelt something delicious baking in the .

And there was Mr. Kangaroo coming jump, jump, down the  of his  with his long . "What is your hurry, Mr. ?" cried .

"Why," said Mr. Kangaroo, "the baby is cutting a  and I have to run for the doctor and Mrs.  has just put

the gingerbread in the  and left the  and the  and the  all over the kitchen .

and while I am gone and she is rocking the , the  will get too hot and the  will all burn up."

"Dear, dear," said . "But my master



is very good at watching  and so am I. Do you run for the doctor and let Mrs. Kangaroo rock the  and we will take care of the  and the ." So away went  jump, jump, with his long  and Mrs. Kangaroo rocked the  and Peter and  washed the  and the  and the  and watched the  and the . And when the  had been and the baby had gone to sleep and Mr. and Mrs.  came out in the kitchen, there was the dee-licious  all safe and as brown as a  on the  and every  and  washed and put away. "One good turn deserves another," said Mr. . "Is there anything I can do for you?" "We'd like to get across the wide ,

"Nothing easier," said . And he took Peter under one  and little dog Trip under the other  and gave one big jump with his long  and before you could say Jack Robinson, they were all safe on the other side!







## DELIA'S NATURE STUDIES

*(With Delia's Pictures)*

### THE PAPER DOLLS' COACH HORSES

ONE summer day Delia was sitting on the piazza of a farmhouse with her paper dolls spread around her on the floor.

There was Mrs. Lois Armadale with her large paper family and their dresses, and there was Mrs. Wishart with all *her* children, besides a great many extra paper children, not quite so pretty, to invite to parties or to go visiting.

Mrs. Armadale and her beautiful gowns had been cut out of colored fashion plates. Mrs. Armadale's head was fastened on with beeswax, and when she wished to change her dress, her

head had to be pulled away from the top of one dress and stuck onto another. Beeswax does not always stick very well, so sometimes Mrs. Armadale would lose her head right off, in the middle of a party, and Delia would have to press it very hard between her fingers against the neck of the dress to make it stick on again.

But this morning the little girl was so busy thinking that Mrs. Armadale might have lost her head down a crack and it would not have been missed.

Delia was thinking how good it would be to have a tiny horse, really and truly alive, to draw a little carriage to take her dolls for a drive.

Of course, Delia knew that horses small enough to draw a doll's carriage live only in stories. "But," she thought, "the fairies often drove butterflies and beetles and all sorts of things that *are* real. I might have something of that kind."

Then she remembered that the hay-field was full of grasshoppers, which are not hard to catch, and it seemed to her that nothing would make a finer-looking span of carriage horses than a pair of big green grasshoppers.

Delia set to work at once to make the carriage. Paper, good, stiff paper, and the mucilage bottle were close at hand, and her own little blunt-pointed scissors, too, in the paper dolls' box. It took but a few minutes to make a little box-shaped thing, cut down at the sides, and to tie bits of thread into one end for the harness.

Now the carriage was ready for the horses, but there must be someone to ride; so Delia picked out the smallest and lightest of the paper dolls—I think it was Pansy Wishart.

Then the little girl ran with the doll and the carriage to the hay-field where the grass grew tall. She got down and crawled under the bars of the gate and then she pushed her way along through the tangled grass which came up to her waist.

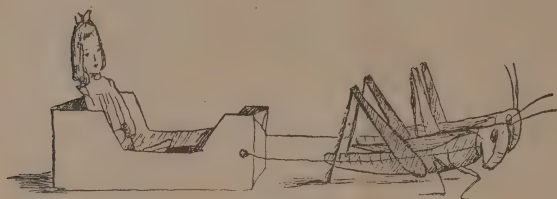
*Whirr! whirr!* went the grasshoppers, flying and hopping away all around her.

She watched them as they settled into the grass again and caught a big green one on the top of a stalk of timothy before



he had time to draw in his legs for another spring. She held him carefully by his long hind legs, and he made a bow with a jerk and straightened up again so suddenly that she almost let him go. He waved all four of his front legs in the air and worked his mouth as though he were telling her that he really

*must* leave right away! But he was not trying to talk—he was only “making molasses” with his mouth.



PANSY WISHART WAS IN THE CARRIAGE

The little girl went on farther through the high grass, swinging her feet forward as she walked, to make the grasshoppers fly.

*Whirr! whirr!* they went again.

She spied another very fine big one clinging to the stem of a daisy, and caught him, but he was a dull brown color so she let him go. Soon she got a green one, just like the first, and she sat down where she was, in the grass, to harness her steeds to her paper carriage. The tall grass made a green wall around her and she could see nothing else except the blue sky overhead.

Did you ever try to hold a grasshopper and a carriage with one hand while you harnessed a second grasshopper with the other? It is not easy at all. One of the grasshoppers is almost sure to get away, and when you have caught him, the first one is very likely to kick himself out of his harness while you are putting the second one in.

Delia, I can tell you, had a great deal of trouble with her grasshopper horses, but she was careful not to hurt them. Her yellow hair, too, was in the way and had to be pushed back. But at last both grasshoppers had loops of thread about their necks and the bits of thread harness were fastened to the loops.

Pansy Wishart was assisted into the carriage and then it was ready to start.

Delia put the horses and the carriage, with Pansy Wishart sitting in it, down carefully on a little level spot of bare ground

beside her and watched eagerly. It all must have looked very much as it does in the picture, for Delia made the pictures herself, from memory, afterwards, and she made them just as much like the things as she could. The green grasshoppers stood solemnly side by side and did not move for a moment.

Then, all at once, one of the span drew in his legs, gave a sudden little skip and a whirl, and landed right in the carriage, in Pansy Wishart's lap!

Such behavior for a coach horse!

The other grasshopper, very much surprised, made a sudden spring that jerked the carriage into the air, and then he went on jumping and hopping, and making it jerk after him and dangle behind him till it caught on a leaf and turned upside down—carriage, lady and all. The first grasshopper was tumbled right out of his harness and hopped away, and poor Pansy Wishart was landed on her paper head among the grass-blades.

It was very clear that grasshoppers were too frisky to be used for horses.

Delia unfastened the thread harness from the second one and let him go, and then she went home, carrying Pansy and the carriage in her hand.

*Daisy D. Plympton*



PANSY WISHART LANDED ON HER HEAD

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## IF

How queer we should have looked, if Babies one and all  
Had just kept growing round, instead of growing tall.





## BETSEY AND HER DOLLS

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

*Author of "The House of Delight"*

WHAT shall we make next for Delightville?" asked Violet, as she dressed little Mrs. Delight in a tea-gown of pink chiffon.

"We could make the theatre next," said Betsey, "if we had velvet enough for a curtain. Mother hasn't any large pieces of velvet."

"We need velvet for the church, too," remarked Violet. "For the pews, and pulpit furniture, and the choir rail."

It was quite clear that velvet must be had. So the girls went down to consult Mother.

"There is a long strip of velvet that came off a hat," said Mother, "in the big box in the attic."

So the girls looked for a long strip and they found a whole dress! Betsey pulled it out by one sleeve. It was dark red, and very full, and quite old. The little girls sat speechless with delight. "Your Mother will never let you cut that," said Violet. But she did. She also gave them a doughnut apiece, and sent Joe, the gardener, up to the playroom with a big wooden packing box for the Delightville Theatre.

"Isn't this lovely?" said Betsey with a sigh, sitting down before the box with great satisfaction. "A theatre ought to be very bright, don't you think, Violet? Just dazzling?"

"Yes," assented Violet. "When I used to go in New York, the stage was wonderful—all sorts of colors, very bright—with lots of gold."

It was soon decided that the Delightville theatre should be all sorts of colors—very bright—with lots of gold. And then work began.

First the box was papered inside with ivory wall-paper. Festoons of roses and cupids were cut from wall-paper borders, and pasted around the top. And then Violet nearly broke her neck trying to paint scrolls and flourishes on the walls and ceiling, with gold paint.

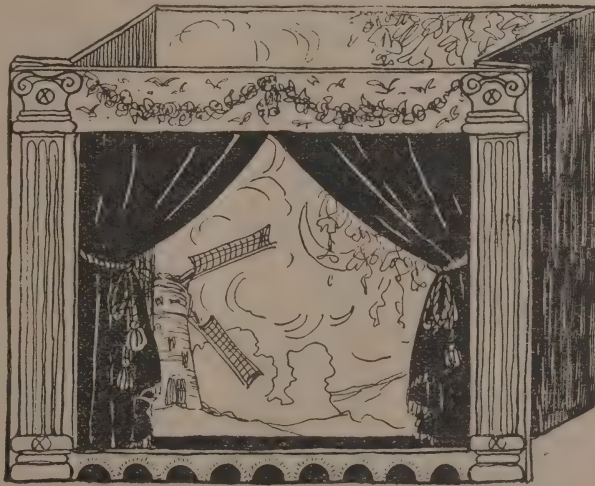
Betsey began on the stage. She snapped the sides off a white underwear box, ruled a large opening in the center, and cut it out carefully. The frame which was left, she decorated by painting a gold pillar on each side, and pasting wall-paper roses and birds across the top. (*Measurements for the front and back of the stage are given in the illustrations.*)

Then she selected the newest part of the red velvet, cut two curtains, and shirred them on a slippery wire. The ends of the wire were to be fastened behind the opening.

"Those . . . curtains ought to have a deep gold fringe, Betsey," said Violet, drawing her head out of the little theatre.

"We haven't any gold fringe," said Betsey.

This was true. So they made some. Betsey pro-

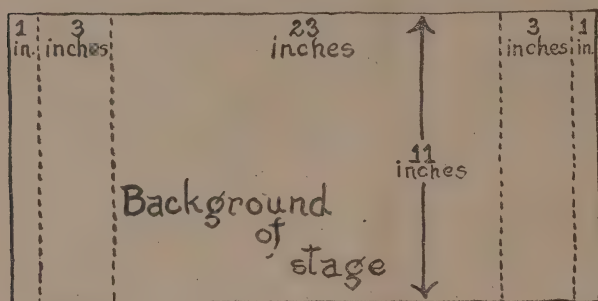


THE DELIGHTVILLE STAGE

duced a ball of common twine, and wound yards and yards of it around a three-inch card. When she had enough, she cut the whole bunch once with the scissors, making a little pile of cords six inches long. These she hooked, two at a time, with great



patience, into the curtain edge, with a crochet-hook. The cords were very close together. Then she tied each pair in a hard knot along the entire curtain, and gilded the whole.



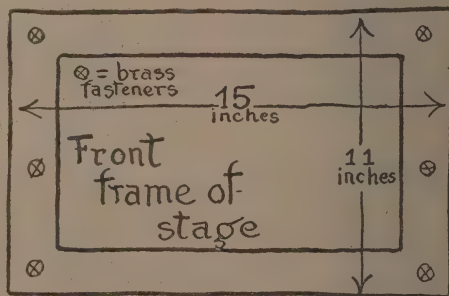
It was a gorgeous curtain, indeed, but it was more gorgeous when Violet added a long rope of twisted gilt cords finished with a tassel, to drape

the curtains back when they were pulled aside.

The back of the stage was made this way.

Betsey cut a rectangle from her largest box. She scored each end with her scissors to make it bend easily. Then she scored it again 3 inches from this line. On this large background, she proceeded to paste scenery cut from wall-paper. On one side was an enormous blue windmill, and some bright green trees. On the other side were garlands of purple wisteria and a great gold crescent moon. "Looks *exactly* like the stage in a musical comedy," said Violet approvingly.

Betsey bent her scenery on the lines, and fastened each side to the curtained frame-work in three places, with brass fasteners. The stage would fold flat, and the scenery could be changed by removing the fasteners.



Violet made the "boxes,"

two on each side. They were really boxes, perfectly square, with openings cut on two sides, draped inside with velvet curtains. These were tacked securely to the walls of the theatre. The floor was carpeted with red velvet.

"We shall *never* get the seats done," remarked Violet. "Just think how many it will take."

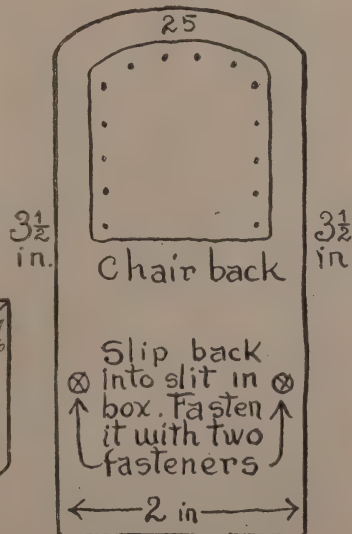
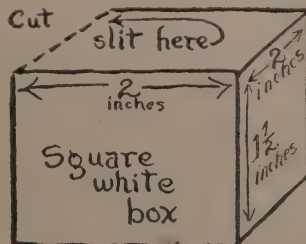


THEY FOUND A WHOLE DRESS

So the seats were left until the last. When they were finally made, they were done in this way. The girls found twenty boxes exactly alike, in a certain dry-goods store where these two little girls were very well known, and where boxes were saved for them. The white boxes were each 2 inches square, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches tall. These were used, upside down, for the seats. The backs of the seats were cut from a large white box cover, and they measured 2 inches by  $3\frac{1}{2}$ . A slit was made on one edge of the box (see cut), the back slipped in, and fastened with two tiny brass fasteners. Each seat was numbered.

A rose and gold piano was made for the orchestra, just like Mrs.

Delight's piano for which directions were given in a previous chapter. Violins, 'cellos

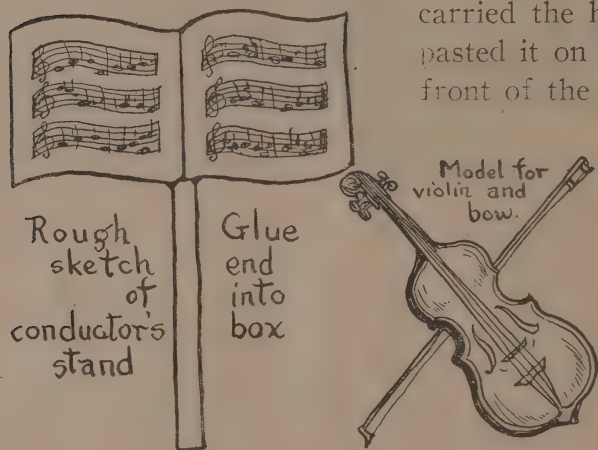




and double basses were cut in three sizes like the pattern and painted dark brown. A conductor's stand, made like the picture, was glued into a tiny box.

One day the girls passed the front door on their way to the playroom. They found a handbill on the hall-floor. "MARY. Isn't It a Grand Old Name? At the New Theatre" said the handbill.

The girls looked at each other, carried the handbill upstairs and pasted it on a cardboard easel in front of the theatre. Then Violet exclaimed, "Let's change Mary to William!" And so they did, after William Delight, the great little millionaire doll who lay at that moment on the floor in the House of Delight.



Later, as Betsey dressed Mrs. Delight in her best evening dress of yellow satin and white fur, Mr. Delight was heard to say, "Let's go to the theatre tonight, my dear."

"That would be lovely, William," replied Mrs. Delight, putting on her evening cape of white velvet. "Where shall we go?"

"Let's try the *NEW Theatre*," replied Mr. Delight, taking his silk hat and cane. "They say there is a *magnificent* gold moon in one of the scenes."

So Mr. and Mrs. Delight went for the first time to the *New Theatre*, heard the orchestra, and saw "William," and the blue windmill, and the great gold moon.



## HIDE-AND-SEEK VERSES

(THREE HIDDEN SEEDS)

BY CHARLES STUART PRATT

A WISE little boy met a unicorn once,  
On the shore of the British sea,  
And the unicorn made a terrible threat,  
Did he—

“Now, why am I called a unicorn, boy?”  
He cried as he ramped on the shore.  
“I’ll be answered at once, you boy—or, if not,  
I’ll roar!”

“Why, *unus* means *one*, and *cornu* means *horn*,”  
Said the boy, while the beast crouched low;  
“And, you—you’ve only one horn on your head,  
You know!”

At that the strange beast rose rampant and smiled,  
His wrath in a moment appeased.  
“You’re right,” he then cried; “and I want you to know  
I’m pleased!”

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## THE MOSS DUNCES

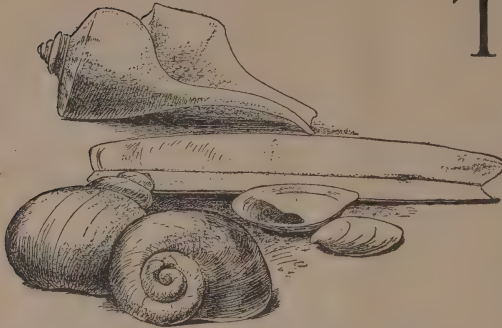
BY ALICE AYR NOYES

DO you know why Moss children  
A pointed dunce cap need?  
Just take off one and look inside,  
Their brains have gone to seed.





## THE SCHOOL-HOUSE BY THE SEA



SOME OF THE SHELLS THEY FOUND

THE little school-house where Sarah and Katy went to school stood in the prettiest kind of a place. It had a nice yard all about it, and as there were so few scholars, never over twenty, and because the scholars rarely played in the yard, having even a prettier place

to play in, the grass kept very green, especially in one corner under the three big shady thorn trees that every fall covered the grass with great brown seed-pods that the school-children called "snakes."

The front yard of the school-house went down to a broad rocky shore, and there the children were allowed to play at recess, also at noon, for most of them brought their dinners.

Oh, what a lovely playground this rocky shore made! The water, even at high tide, was never deep near the shore, and the barefooted children played in or near it all the summer days, without having to think about not getting their feet wet.

All sorts of interesting things were found on this shore; gold and silver shells, also little boat-shaped shells, and often starfish; now and then a stranded jelly-fish; queer long twisted shaving-like objects that rattled when shook, and had every one of their many divisions full of tiny little baby shells; curious egg-cases of the skate fish, sometimes called mermaid's-purses; sea-urchins, some of them all over purple spines, and some of them perfectly dry and empty with no urchin at all left inside.



STARFISH

Then there was seaweed; many kinds, from the sort that pops when its little bladders are stepped upon, to the yard-long pieces

of crimson and green ribbon-like kelp. And there was much of the nice Iceland moss which is used for puddings; this the children used to gather and dry, and carry home to their mothers.

Often the farmers came down to the shore and rode their horses far out into the water, and with the large rake which was fastened to each horse brought in huge piles of this fat seaweed.

The horses would kick and jump, and make a great splashing in the water, which was pretty deep where they went, but the men in their water-proof clothes did not mind, but kept the horses' heads up, and the school-children, all the boys at least, wished they could ride after seaweed too.

Many of the rocks had gray and white crystals in them, and the children pounded out a good many. Then there was one huge rock full of seams of mica or isinglass; it was always known as the "isinglass rock." The children dug out many of the shining flakes. In fact, they



SKATE'S EGG-  
CASE OR MER-  
MAID'S PURSE

brought every day such a load of their curiosities into their school-house that the teacher set apart a large closet for a cabinet, where each child could put his treasures. Once in a great while a big king-crab or horseshoe-



SEA-URCHINS, WITH SPINES AND WITHOUT

crab, was found on this shore, but these findings caused so much excitement and squabbling among the children, as to who saw him first, and to whom he really belonged, that the teacher was forced to say that every horseshoe-crab that was found near the school-house must be brought to her, and she would dry and preserve it for all the school to see. This turned out to be a fine plan, and before long a row of these big crabs, hanging by their tails, went entirely across the wall just back of the teacher's desk.



SAND-DOLLAR



There was one short sandy beach on the shore and here hundreds of the funny little fiddler-crabs lived, who when they run, as they did very fast when they heard or saw any of the children coming, carry their one big claw just like a fiddle or a big bass-viol.

The children were very fond of these little crabs also and were always trying to catch them; sometimes they got quite a

number and shut them into tin cans, and then called the noise they made while scrabbling about, "fiddling."



THE SEAWEED THAT POPPED

The teacher did not like to have the children chase the crabs and she thought shutting them up was very cruel, and decidedly forbade it. But the children dearly liked to catch these little fellows, and very often brought one or two into school, though it was against the rules.

One day Katy and Sarah went very early to school. None of the other scholars were there, not even the teacher; and they ran out on the shore to play, and on the sandy beach were more little fiddlers than they



A YARD-LONG PIECE OF KELP

had ever seen before, and the little girls ran after them just as fast as they could, and somehow managed each to get a pint or more of the queer little crabs. They put them into their gingham aprons or "tiers," and by twisting up the ends tightly and tucking them in at the waist they thought they could keep the fiddlers all snug and nice until recess-time.

But not long after they had taken their seats, and the school-teacher had rung the bell for the school to come to order, one little wriggling fiddler wriggled out of Katy's apron and fell softly upon the floor. Katy and Sarah, who sat next to her, pretended not to see him and went on studying.

The crab had not gone far with his rapid sidewise walk, when the sharp eyes of the teacher fell upon him and she rapped

smartly for attention. "Children," she said, "who has brought fiddlers into the school this morning?" No one answered, and Katy and Sarah tried to twist their aprons still more snugly, and looked straight ahead.

"Children," said the teacher again, "I could easily find out who has these fiddlers"—for just then another escaped and ran across the floor—"but I want the naughty girl or boy to tell me at once."

No one spoke.

"Very well," said the teacher, "as the guilty one will not confess, I shall punish the whole school by keeping in every scholar at recess. I am very sorry to think that I have any scholar who is willing that others should suffer for his wrong doing. Go right on studying, children," and she took up a book and rose to call a class.



KING-CRAB  
OR  
HORSESHOE-  
CRAB

Sarah looked at Katy and Katy looked at Sarah and both little girls poked each other gently; at last both rose and with very red faces, and eyes brimming with tears, started to walk across the room to the teacher's platform. The teacher waited quietly and all the children watched their slow progress.

Sarah and Katy, getting redder and redder, and feeling the tears coming, each put an arm over her eyes, and in so doing loosened the aprons, and in a twinkling all the little fiddlers went sprawling upon the floor.

Oh, how the little fiddlers all ran! and the children, except the two culprits who were rather scared, could not help screaming and laughing! The teacher had to laugh too, though she was very much vexed, and motioning the two naughty little girls to stand on her platform she told one of the older boys to sweep the fiddlers out of the door. Oh, what a time he had! and how excited all the children got! but at last all the little fiddlers were out, and then they



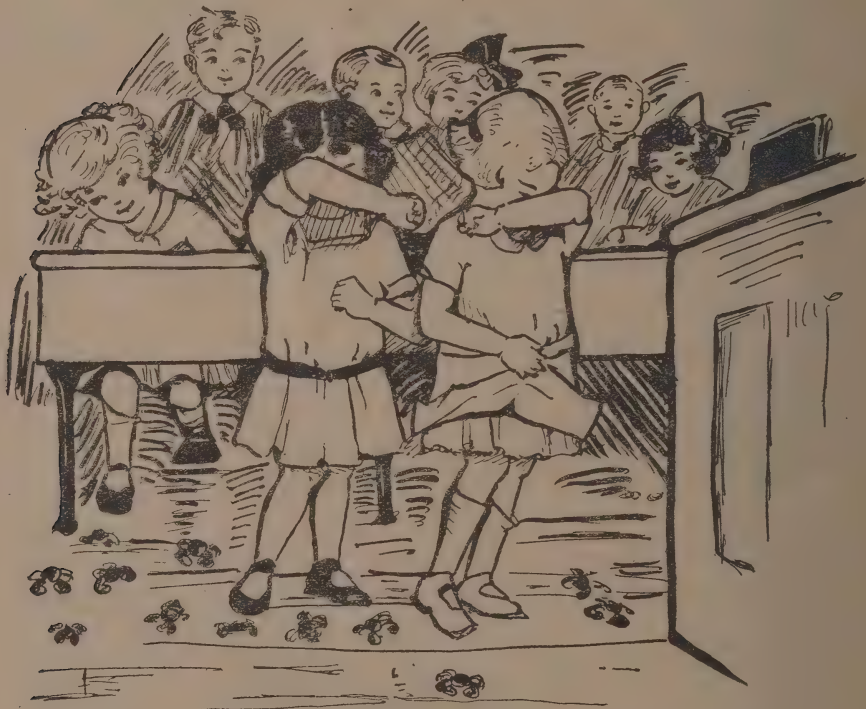
FIDDLER-CRAB



scuttled off as fast as possible for the shore, feeling, you may be sure, that they had had a very dreadful adventure at the school-house!

For a long, long week Sarah and Katy were not allowed to play at all on their dear shore, but had to stay closely in the school-house yard, watching quite sadly their playmates having fine times without them. One boy picked up three sand-dollars, and was thought very rich indeed.

The days went slowly, and it seemed to the two sorry little



ALL THE LITTLE FIDDLERS WENT SPRAWLING UPON THE FLOOR

girls that never, never would they be able to go down on the shore again!

But at last the week of penance went by, and they were free to play there on the rocks once more with their companions, and to take an active part in gathering the seashore treasures; but they never, no, not even once, took any of their little fiddler friends into school with them again.

*Elizabeth Robinson*

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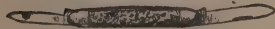
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## SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR OUT-DOORS

## THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

BY JOSEPHINE A. BAKER



THE "AURORAL CURTAIN"

WHILE we are looking for the wonders of the sky, we must not forget the Northern Lights or *Aurora Borealis*. *Aurora* is a Latin word, meaning the light of dawn, and *Borealis*, also Latin, means Northern. So *Aurora Borealis* means the northern morning light, because it often looks like the dawn in the east. This display of fiery mist or glowing haze usually appears in the northern sky two or three hours after sunset and continues for a few hours,

sometimes all night. Just what the Northern Lights are we do not know, but they are probably the result of electricity in the upper regions of the atmosphere. When the lights are particularly strong and brilliant, there is often a snapping, crackling sound to be heard, like the sound of the wind against the flame of a candle.

Great arches of light form across the sky, with flashing streaks of yellow and violet and rose, ever changing and ever wonderful. Sometimes the light forms an arc from the north toward the east and west, the ends of the arc on the horizon, and the rays are constantly in motion. Sometimes it appears in detached places, and at others almost covers the whole sky. Most beautiful is the "auroral curtain," hanging in graceful folds and curves which sway to and fro as though fanned by a light breeze.

There is a southern aurora at the South Pole, but the Northern Lights have been the most observed and studied, and it is those we are most apt to see. In the polar regions the aurora serves to illuminate the earth and cheer the gloom of the long winter nights.

This beautiful sight most frequently appears in the autumn and the early part of winter. During the summer months we see the northern sky lit up on many clear nights, but this is the Sun-Glow. It is a reflection thrown up by the sun causing a primrose cloud glow in the north, sometimes so bright that one can read clear print by it. The Sun-Glow is beautiful but must not be mistaken for the Northern Lights.



THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

# Health Records

## *Free to Little Folks' Readers*

Because we want all the readers of Little Folks to have good health, we have had these charts made up to help them learn the prime habits so essential to good health. Our way of giving these charts away makes it possible for every reader to get them free of expense.

### **They Establish Health Habits in Young Children**

Children in good health are not so susceptible to disease and sickness that become prevalent during confinement in school. We have all seen epidemics start and run through whole schools and cities and even countries, but statistics show that children in robust good health, free from constipation, who get plenty of sleep, fresh air and exercise, etc., are more apt to avoid these epidemics. Constipation is the worst enemy of all to good health, and the child's daily bowel movements are the hardest thing to keep track of. The Little Folks Health Charts make all this simple.



### **Children Love to Use These Charts**

Using these pretty charts is like playing a game. The picture will show you how each chart is arranged with squares enough for a week's record of following the eight prime good-health rules. A check in a square means that that rule has been observed for that day—or the square may be colored with paints or crayon. A fully checked or colored chart at the end of the week entitles to a reward. In a household where there is more than one child, keeping health records can easily be in competition, with a suitable reward for the child who shows the most gain in a given period of time, from their use.

### **Only a Few Weeks' Use is Necessary to Establish Life-long Habits That Will Assure Good Health**

As a parent you want your child to be healthy and well in mind and body. Bodily health is dependent on certain habits that must be a part of everyone's daily life. Children object to being tied down to these essential habits and cannot appreciate their vital need. Parents have difficulty in keeping track of their children's performance of these each day. Children dislike being nagged about all these things day in and day out, so our health chart has been especially designed to make a game out of the daily performance of these health duties. These records are a boon to busy parents, who can, through their use with their children, keep track of each item, and be sure that their boys and girls are laying a foundation for life-long habits that are essential to good health.

### **They Are Authoritative**

These charts are based on the United States Government Health Code for Children. They appeal to the child's interest by their very attractive appearance, and at the same time teach them how to take proper care of their own bodies.

### **For the Sake of Our Little Friends We Offer These Charts FREE**

If you renew your subscription to Little Folks now, no matter when it expires, you can obtain 5 of these charts free of charge. 12 will be given you if you send the subscription of only one friend to Little Folks Magazine. The regular cash price is 5c. for each chart.

Give your child a real start to permanent good health now before school begins again, by having them use these charts for 5 weeks (more if possible). You will be more than surprised and gratified by the results and your child will benefit permanently. We suggest that you renew your subscription for a year, no matter when it expires, at once and get the 5 free charts as soon as possible.

**LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.**



## SOMETHING OTHER BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE MADE

### AN EXPRESS WAGON

Take a box about a foot long and six inches wide, and fasten to it a flat stick about a foot long and 1-2 inch thick. To one end of the flat stick fasten a stick about four inches long and 1-4 inch thick. Next make four wheels and put a nail through the middle of each and fasten the nails to the sides of the wagon. To make the wheels cut four round pieces of wood about an inch thick. Or you can use four old wheels off something else.

*Dorothy Vaders*

### DOLL TABLEAUX

I have made doll tableaux this way. There are curtains between our dining room and parlor. First I closed the curtains; then I placed two chairs back towards the curtains. Over the back of the chairs I hung a coverlet. That was the background. For scenery I used vases and jars of artificial flowers. I used a tray for a fancy decorative background against the coverlet. I dressed my dolls up in different dresses and I also used some toy ducks and chickens, and posed them all in different ways.

*Harriet Chippendale*

### AN ACORN TOP

Select a pretty large acorn, one about half an inch high and half an inch across is best. Take the cap off and punch a hole in the top of the acorn with a knife or an ice pick, big enough to fit a burnt match or a toothpick, or any little straight stick. Be sure it fits firmly into the hole. One of the tricks this top can do is this: lay a string on the table and spin your top near it. If your top touches it, it will wind the string up most likely.

*Dora Cummings*

### RAINY DAY FUN

On a rainy day when there does not seem to be anything to do, get some old magazines and hunt up some pictures that you think you will like. Advertisements are best, if they are colored. Cut them out and cut them into pieces of different sizes. Be sure not to cut them too small. To make your puzzles real strong, paste them onto cardboard before you cut them up. Now try putting them together.

*Dora Cummings*

### TO MAKE A PIN-WHEEL

Choose a square piece of paper, not too large. Fold two diagonally opposite points together, and then fold the other two together on top

of the first two. Tear a slit down to the middle on each side of the paper between the points, but take care not to tear in two. Fold point down to the middle, stick a pin through and fasten onto a little stick. Blow it, or run with it in the wind, and it will turn.

*Bernice Metzger.*

### AN ORANGE-PEEL HAT FOR DOLLY

As I could not afford to get my dolly a new hat, I made her one from orange peel and she thinks it is fine. To make one, cut the orange for your breakfast carefully in half and save the empty half skin. Use the yellow side, or turn the shell inside out and color the white side to suit yourself. Then stick a toothpick through the peel wherever you want to stick a feather. Now make your feather by cutting it out of paper—quills may be easily cut, or plumes by fringing tissue paper—color it to match your hat if you like, fasten it to the toothpick, and there is an inexpensive new hat for dolly.

*Anna Griffith*

### A FORTUNE-TELLER

First take the wrapper from Mother's can of "Old Dutch Cleanser." Cut the Dutch lady out very carefully. Cut a Dutch windmill from a piece of cardboard. Make the wheel separate and on it write the fortunes. In the center of the wheel put a paper fastener and insert it through the wheel and the mill. The fastener should come just to the edge of the windmill where the wheel goes. Paste the Dutch lady so the stick will point to the wheel. Now close your eyes and turn the wheel around a few times. Now look at the wheel, and whatever the stick points to is your fortune.

*Anna Wittich*

### SOMETHING TO DO WHEN IT RAINS

Get some colored cambric at the store, and fold it and cut it to look like the pages of a book. Fasten it with silk or cord through the middle to make a book of it. Next time it rains, get some of your mother's old magazines and cut out every pretty colored picture until you have a lot. Paste one of the pictures on each page of the cambric books. The Dutch girl on the Dutch Cleanser can will take the eye of some child. These scrap books are good for little children to look at and play with when they come visiting, or they are good to send to sick children in hospitals, because they are pretty, not too big and heavy to hold, and will not tear easily.

*Florence Sackett*

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**\$10** for third prize—**\$7.50** for fourth prize—**\$5.00** for fifth  
prize—**\$2.50** for sixth prize—and 47 prizes of **\$1.00** each,  
with consolation prize of 50 cts. for the 54th.

**LITTLE FOLKS PHOTO COMPETITION SALEM, MASS.**



## SOMETHING TO COOK

*Continued from page 497*

## MARY ZILLINSKI'S COCOA CARAMELS

- 1 c. molasses
- 1 c. brown sugar
- 1 c. milk
- 3 tbsp. butter
- 1-2 c. cocoa
- 1 tbsp. vanilla

Boil sugar, molasses, milk and cocoa until it forms a hard ball in cold water. Add butter and vanilla and turn onto buttered plates. Cut when cool.

## JANE AIKEN'S WALNUT CANDY

- 2 c. sugar
- 1-2 c. cream
- small piece butter
- vanilla to flavor
- 1 c. chopped walnuts

Boil sugar and cream to the soft ball stage, add butter just before taking from stove. Then add walnut meats and flavoring. Beat till thick, pour in buttered tin and cut in squares when nearly cold.

## MYRTLE THOMPSON'S CREAM CANDY

- 2 c. sugar
- 3 tbsp. vinegar
- 1 tsp. lemon extract
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar

Add a little water to moisten sugar. Boil with vinegar and cream of tartar, without stirring, until brittle when tried in cold water. Add extract and turn quickly out on buttered plates. When cool enough to handle, pull until white and cut in pieces.

## MAXINE KINNEY'S SURPRISE FUDGE

- 2 c. sugar
- 1 c. milk
- 2 tbsp. butter
- 1-2 c. chopped nut meats
- some marshmallows

Cook sugar, milk and butter together until a soft ball can be formed when tested in cold water. Cut up marshmallows and sprinkle on a greased plate. Beat candy until thick, pour in nuts and beat in. Pour mixture over marshmallows and let harden. Cut in squares before quite hard.

## SOMETHING TO GUESS

Why is a list of celebrated musical composers like a saucepan? Because it is incomplete without a Handel.

On what day of the year do people talk the least? On the shortest day, of course.

What word is it that has but five letters, yet when two are taken away it leaves one? Stone.

When are sheep like paper? When folded.

What extraordinary kind of meat can be bought on the Isle of Wight? Mutton from Cows.

Why is the spring of the year the most dangerous season? Because the grass has blades, the flowers have pistils (pistols), the leaves shoot, and the bulrush is out (bull rushes out).

What three authors' names would you think of first if the house were on fire? Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

Why is a chicken crossing the road like murder? Because it is a fowl (foul) proceeding.

Why is the nose placed in the middle of the face? Because it is the scenter (center).

What animals are allowed in a ball-room? White kids.

Why can't a fisherman be generous? Because his business makes him selfish (sell fish).

How long did Cain hate his brother? As long as he was Abel (able).

What advantage has a postage stamp over a small boy? The stamp can be licked only once.

What is the difference between Uncle Sam, a rooster and an old maid? Uncle Sam says, "Yankee-doodle-do." The rooster says, "Cock-a-doodle-do." The old maid says, "Any dude'll do."

What is it that breaks without falling. The day.

It is fat at the bottom, and round at the top, and something inside goes flippity-flop. What is it? A churn.

What kind of hair did Moses' dog have? Dog hair.

If a man looks at a clock for twenty-four hours, what does he see? A Dago (a day go).

Which is the west side of a boy's pantaloons? The side the son sits on (sun sets on).

What kind of ears has an engine? Engineers (engineers).

Take four nines and make a hundred. 99 9-9.

What is blacker than a crow? Its feathers.

What walks around all day and stands in the corner at night? A broom.

What kind of hen lays the longest? A dead one.



## FIVE MOTHER GOOSE BOOKS

FOR 10 CENTS

Five little books full of the charming **Mother Goose Melodies** you all love. Each book contains from fifteen to twenty of these verses, and each contains a different set of melodies. The books are nicely illustrated and have beautiful colored covers, done by Jessie Wilcox Smith, the famous child's artist. The books measure 5 1/4 x 3 1/2 inches—just the right size for little hands. The supply is limited, but as long as they last, you may have five of them for ten cents.

Send for yours today.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.



## A Ball With Your Name on it

A ball is—a ball. That's just the matter with it. If you lose it, and someone else finds it, how does anybody know that it's your ball?

But a ball with your name painted on it to stay—that's a different matter. Why, you can't lose a ball like that! It will come back to you every time—because of your name. That's one thing that makes the balls shown above different from and better than any others. All you have to do is tell us the name you want on the ball—be sure to write it plainly.

Another thing that makes these balls different is the design painted by hand on each one. You may choose the design you like: Tabby, Towser, Bunny, Jumbo, Ducky, Daddles or Cock-a doodle. The colors are bright and dainty and the balls are of fine quality rubber, good for use indoors or out. The picture does not begin to do the balls justice.

Remember, you can buy a ball for ten cents, but it's only a ball. Your Ball—with your name painted on it—as well as a handsome design, will cost 35c., but it will be worth it, because it will be yours and yours only. If you prefer, you may send one new yearly subscription to Little Folks, not your own, and earn the ball you want.

Don't forget to say which design you want and above all things, the name you wish painted on your ball.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

## Real Walking Doll FREE

One foot tall, really walks, putting each little foot down as daintily as you please. Strongly made of very heavy cardboard in beautiful colors. Both sides alike. Operates by handle—very simple. Unlike any other walking doll ever made. Given for selling 18 cards snap fasteners, or 18 pkgs. Xmas cards, tags and seals at 10c. a card, or pkg. Write to-day.

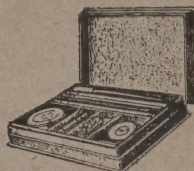
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Box 1311, 0, Boston, Mass.



## SCHOOL COMPANION FREE TO YOU

Made of heavy, cloth-covered pasteboard, finished in bright, attractive colors. Contents very complete, containing collapsible drinking cup, several excellent pencils, pencil sharpener, adjustable lead pencil with box of extra leads. No better companion for general school use. Very attractive and more than useful.



We send you this Companion for selling only 25 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a card. Return to us the money you collect and the Companion is yours. SECCO SALES CO. Box 1311, 0. Boston, Mass.



## A Great CURIOSITY The SMALLEST BIBLE IN THE WORLD

It is about the size of a postage stamp and contains 250 pages of the New Testament—a wonder. Must be seen to be appreciated. Price, only 15 cents, three Bibles for 40 cents; one dozen Bibles for \$1.50 or 100 for \$9.00. Good money can be made selling these Midget Bibles amongst friends, church acquaintances, Sunday schools, bazaars, etc. Send for a few and try it.

J. C. DORN, 703 So. Dearborn St., Dept. 14, Chicago, Ill.



## GIVEN

This Horsehide-Covered Football, for selling only 20 packages of our easy-selling Marvella Washing Tablets at 15 cents each. When sold return \$3.00 and Football is yours. We trust you. Just send your name and address to

BRUNET & DEMERS, 196 Jefferson Ave., Salem, Mass.

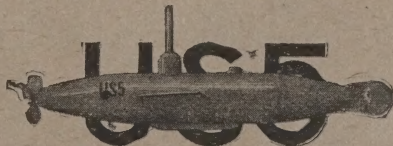
## COMPLETE SCHOOL COMPANION FREE



This neat, compact, noiseless companion, containing several fine quality pencils, pen and penholder, and Van Dyke eraser. Case of imitation grained leather, closing noiselessly with snap clasp. A companion you may be proud of and one that you need. To get it sell 15 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a card. Send the money you collect and we send the companion.

SECCO SALES CO. Box 1311, 0 Boston, Mass.

## DO YOU WANT THIS SUBMARINE?

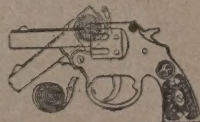


10 1-2 inches and is finished in battleship gray and red. Operating parts of metal, with pure rubber motor which will last a long time. Ideal for seashore, park, lakes, swimming pools and bath tubs. Yours for selling 20 cards of snap fasteners at 10 cents. Write to-day.

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## GET THIS BIG REPEATING PISTOL FREE

Looks and loads like a revolver. Shoots 30 loud caps from roll as fast as you pull the trigger. Light; all metal; positive action; self-loading. 250 extra shots with pistol. Given free for selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c a card, or 30 packages of Christmas cards, tags and seals at 10c a package.



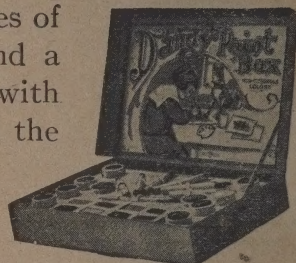
THE PRIMER 30 SHOT REPEATER

THE SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311 0 Boston Mass



## THIS DANDY PAINT BOX

Contains 22 colors in paints and crayons: 8 boxes of water-colors, 1 tray of water-colors, 6 crayons and a paint brush, all put up in a beautiful, strong box with a hinged cover. With this box you can color all the pictures in Little Folks and The Children's Magazine, as there is a plenty of paint and a large variety of colors.



Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is \$2.00 a year, but they can have it four months for 50c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 50c. each. You send \$3.00 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Dandy Paint Box.

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*Ribbon Dental Cream, and a sweet smiling face,  
Bring the good fairies, Health, Beauty and Grace.  
If you're good tempered, brush your teeth twice a day,  
You'll keep these kind fairies from running away.*

## Beauty Hints for the Youthful

THE little girl who is taught to brush her teeth night and morning is cultivating Health, Beauty and Grace. For, aside from having clean, good-looking teeth, the child with a clean mouth is less liable to contract disease than is the child whose system is poisoned by decayed teeth.

\* \* \* \*

It isn't a pleasant thought to dwell on—the effect of decayed teeth on a child's health. Take your child to the dentist regularly, whether you have discovered a cavity in a tooth or not. Every mouth needs a thorough prophylactic treatment at least twice a year. Fix the night and morning tooth-brushing habit as soon as a child can hold a tooth-brush.

One thing that helps a lot in the establishing of this vitally important health habit—clean teeth—is the use of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Children like the delicious flavor. They don't have to be urged to use the tooth-brush regularly if you give them Colgate's.

Let each child have his own tube of Ribbon Dental Cream. Possessing a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream will make an event of night and morning tooth-brushing.

A large tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is 25c at your neighborhood store.

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*More dentists recommend  
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